

# CHARLES FREDERICK WADSWORTH

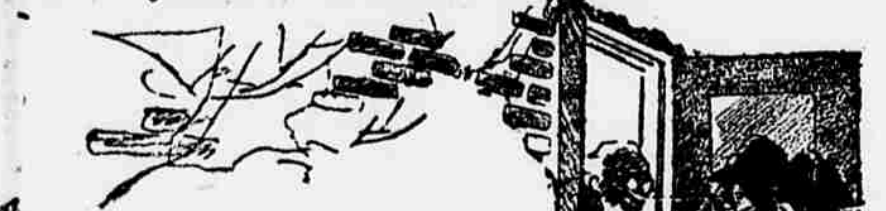
## Decorations of Magnus G. Kettner

ime Christmases he had just a teenie-weenie lad; and not very many toys, he little girls and boys.

by the old-time chimney place, crawl in bed and hide his face, ng his reindeer o'er the snow ody told him so.



hurry down to see the things he had brought him, just to make a wee boy glad! n't carry in his shoulder pack that runs along a little track; le sheep on wheels and painted white, that would hold his pennies tight, and a pretty "nubia," too, and cozy when the winds of winter blew.



the relatives would meet, th such good things there to eat, y nuts, and apples red, d slide down hill on grandpa's sled. 'was played by Auntie Sue— h was old and leaky too; y would sing, and "Happy Day," e while my grandpa's pa would pray.



ound him so that all of them could hear, day that we celebrate each year— en, and the Star that led them on, -manger, God's own well-beloved Son. ld sparkle as he told of long ago, den, though it now is white as snow! told me how to make my Christmas best: h love, and that will outweigh all the rest."



### Time of Great Danger.

When any of the four pillars of government are mainly shaken or weakened—which are religion, justice, counsel and treasure—men need to pray for fair weather.—Bacon.

### Through Difficulty to Triumph.

Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.—Spurgeon.

## CITY NEWS AGENCY

ERNEST BARHAM, Prop.

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Leave orders with us for your favorite magazine, and when it is received, copy will be brought to your home.

—Jackson's Ice Berg.—

### Superstition and the Moon.

There are still some places where people believe a felon on the finger is caused by having pointed the finger at the moon, and that some headaches are caused by having one's hair cut while the moon is in crescent.—F. H. Cheley in "Stories for Talks to Boys."

### The Balsam Fir.

Canada balsam, as the balsam fir is sometimes called, is one of the beautiful evergreen trees. The needles of this tree, which are a deep, glistening green above and a lovely silver color below, are about three-fourths of an inch long.

### Something Doing Then.

If only more millionaires had the imagination of poets, sighs a Florida editor, what a wonderful world this might be! But wouldn't it be a still more wonderful world if more poets had the incomes of millionaires?—Springfield Republican.

### Clinching Argument.

The little girls were preparing to play house, and had difficulty deciding the question, "Who will be the mamma?" Finally one said, in a tone of finality, "But, Mary Elizabeth, I've got to be. Don't you know I'm sixer than you are?"

## ASKS 10c FOR \$250 AIRSHIP STOCK—OFFERED 9c—ACCEPTS

Gus Lasswell, of Kennett, Mo., had figured out that he was going to drop \$250 on the Dunklin County Aviation Co., venture. But now, no matter how bad things go, he won't drop more than \$249.91. He asked 10 cents for his \$250 of stock and when tendered 9 cents he accepted it. It is that much ahead of the other stockholders he figures.

The aviation company came to grief last summer when a frightened passenger threw off the ignition during a trip and wrecked the plane. It was sent to the Curtis factory at Tulsa, Okla., where it has been accumulating rust and storage charges.

The question ever since has been whether to have the plane repaired and make another try or save the storage charges and divide up the \$165 in the treasury. The question was still undecided when Lasswell, owner of \$250 worth of stock met James P. Hawkins the other day down at Kennett.

They talked about the fallen fortunes of Dunklin County aviation, and Lasswell flung out petulantly: "I tell you, Jim, I wish I didn't have any of the doggoned stock. I'd sell it if I got my price."

"What'll you take for it?" asked Hawkins cautiously.

"I'd take a dime for it," Hawkins searched himself, but all that he could find was 9 cents.

Hawkins paid over the 9 cents and took the stock. For good measure Lasswell threw in his resignation as secretary of the company and turned over the books to Hawkins.

Hawkins thinks he has made a good buy. He has figured out how his 9 cents and other capital that may be enlisted will get the airplane out of hock ready to go up in the spring at \$10-a-go and if they can keep off of it the man who throws a fit an dshuts off the ignition he sees no reason why aviation should not soar in Dunklin County.—Cape Southeast Missourian.

## For Holding Pins



The baby will be served and his mother delighted at Christmas time with little gifts convenient for holding safety pins. A doll and a basket are shown in the picture each suspended by ribbons for hanging them. Little rings attached to the feet, hands and belt of the doll accommodate pins of several sizes. There are assorted pins in the basket.

### Gasoline Production.

Production of gasoline showed a big increase during the first quarter of this year, 1,026,445,000 gallons being produced as compared with 898,535,500 gallons during the same period a year ago. Consumption increased about 30 per cent during the quarter, and exports about 12 per cent.—Goodrich Travel and Transport Bureau.

## Charm to Ribbon



A morning jacket, a boudoir cap, a powder puff and little hand mirror, all owing their charm to lovely ribbons, are gift suggestions appearing above. The jacket and cap are made by setting together strips of narrow satin ribbon and Val lace.

## A CHRISTMAS HAVEN

By T. B. Alderson

(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

N OLD man sat dreamily gazing into the fireplace of a richly furnished room. It was Christmas eve and Marvin Hughes was looking back over the years of his life and was grave and saddened as he realized that he had neither chick nor child of his own, as the echo of music and the voices of rollicking children in the apartment overhead were borne to his ears.

The recognition of the fact that he was getting old, that he was missing something in life that might make him better and happier, appealed to him powerfully this Christmas eve. He had mechanically distributed the usual Christmas largesse at the office. Homeward bound he had neglected no appeal from the street mendicant. This was not soul-satisfying, however. It had dawned upon him that he had brought his isolation upon himself; that there were at least two persons in the great city who were of kith and kin and he set to summing up the duty he owed them.

"I have been no closer to them than if I were an utter stranger," he soliloquized. "It is my fault, I suppose, for I have encouraged neither; for years I have simply sent them the usual holiday check. When I am through with what I have it must go to others. Which of the two deserves recognition—Etta Harnes or Alberta Norris?"

The first named was a widow and second cousin. Hughes had supplied the capital to start her in a boarding house at her urgent request and she had managed to make a living out of it. For a time he called and she had put herself out to make upon him an impression of admiration of his successful business record, of gratitude for his financial co-operation, of her love and devotion for him, the last near relative she had in the world.

Then, too, she had appealed to him in a strong way. Once she had taken him to a draperied niche off the sitting room, and had showed him a life-sized oil painting of his dead mother.

"She was like a sister to me," said Mrs. Harnes pathetically, "and you know brother Willis was quite a portrait artist. I have always treasured it as the one precious memento of my life."



Hughes was duly touched, but the impression was not lasting. There was something artificial and insincere about Etta Harnes. Under the influence of his present emotions, however, his softened spirit, longed for loyal companionship.

"I'll do it!" spoke Hughes. "I shall call upon Mrs. Harnes and Alberta. One or the other I will endow with fortune and I hope to trace out some real affection for me; a genuine gladness to welcome me as a member of their household during my remaining few years."

An hour later he entered the home of Mrs. Harnes. He was told that she was out on an errand and was shown into a sitting room. Involuntarily memory directed him to the niche where he had viewed his mother's portrait. It was not in place. Then as he glanced into the room beyond Harnes saw it lying across two chairs, used as an ironing board. The shock drove him to his feet. He had fathomed the insincerity of this unworthy relative. He was half-minded to return home. A memory of the last time he had seen Alberta, her husband and children, however, influenced him to follow out his prescribed plan.

They had always lived humbly, but respectfully. From the day that Alden Norris had married Alberta he had but one thought in his mind—her comfort and contentment and that of the little ones who came to them as the years passed on.

Well Hughes knew the house, the room brilliantly lighted, whence echoed sounds of jollity and excitement. Its window was open for ventilation, and his eyes dimmed as he viewed the happy-faced Alberta and her husband,



the two little girls, and a baby crawling about, cooing with animation. "Keep Marvin away from the candles, Alden," he heard Alberta speak, and his heart thrilled. This last child then was his namesake!

He came into the house to receive the usual earnest welcome always bestowed upon him. "Alberta," he said, "I am lonely and unhappy. I have resolved to seek some congenial haven where love and sympathy will bring me peace and contentment. Is it here?"

With open arms she greeted him, and amid Christmas cheer and the loving tenderness of true, honest souls, that Christmas eve Marvin Hughes was awarded the longing desire of his heart.

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## BUSINESS TEMPORARILY STALLED BUT CAN'T STAY SO

The writer was talking recently with one of the South's foremost students of economic problems.

Our manufacturers, we remarked to him, report that they have cut prices but say that seemingly they have not yet cut prices enough to make people buy. The real trouble, we added, is that the cuts made by the manufacturers have not reached the consuming and buying public. The retail merchant has a lot of goods on hand bought at old prices, and he is not willing to make sales on the basis of present wholesale values.

"Yes," answered our economist friend, "and do you see where all that leads to? Take cotton, for instance. The manufacturer has cut prices of his goods, but the retail merchant hasn't. Consequently, people have held off buying. But with winter coming on, and their old clothes wearing out, folks will soon be compelled to buy. Then they will likely have to buy in more than ordinary quantities. This will enable the manufacturers to boost prices again, and then the retailer will have an excuse for holding his prices up—and the only man who will lose out will be the farmer, the man who has tried to sell his raw material on a dead market."

There is a good deal of danger that things may work out just about this way. Business is temporarily stalled but it can't stay stalled. The vast majority of the people of America are still employed and employed at rather high wages and salaries. Consequently they are going to buy plenty of food and plenty of clothing, especially cotton clothing. In fact, the tendency to economize may help the demand for cotton goods by lessening calls for silk shirts and silk hosiery.

It is true that the market right now is stalled, deadlocked. But it can't stay stalled. And the world must pay enough for cotton to insure getting an adequate acreage planted next spring. Doesn't that mean that it must offer around 30 cents a pound before next April? It looks that way to us.—Progressive Farmer.

## TRUSTEES SALE

Whereas, by their certain deed of trust, bearing date of the 1st day of November, 1918, being duly acknowledged and recorded in record trust book 68, at page 552, being one of the land records of the County of Pemisot, and State of Missouri, Catherine R. Fisher and W. P. Fisher, her husband, conveyed to Lee Spencer, as trustee, the following described real estate, with all improvements thereon, lying, being and situate in the County of Pemisot and State of Missouri, to-wit: The South one-half of the Northwest Quarter, and the Southwest Quarter of the Northeast Quarter of Section Ten (10), Township Seventeen (17) North, Range Eleven (11) East, containing One hundred and twenty acres, more or less.

Which said conveyance was in trust to secure the payment of certain promissory notes, and the interest thereon, therein particularly described, and, whereas, default has been made in the payment of interest due thereon, and said notes having thereby become due and payable.

Now, therefore, I, Lee Spencer, trustee, at the request of the legal holder of said notes, and in accordance with the provisions and stipulations of said deed of trust, and by virtue of the authority vested in me, will on

FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1926, at the court house door in the City of Caruthersville, Pemisot County, State of Missouri, between the hours of nine o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon of that day, offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, all of the above described real estate to pay said notes with costs of executing this trust.

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Aspiring.

He who no longer aspires to be more than a man will be less than a man.—Richter.